

# KEPT PROMISE TO MOTHER TO MARRY ONLY AN AMERICAN

## ROMANCE OF SYBIL KANE AND A. T. KEMP

**Hand of Beautiful Southern Girl Was Vainly Sought by Scions of Proudest Houses of Europe—Rumor That Heir to Throne Was Among Admirers.**

**Bridegroom, Young and Immensely Wealthy New Yorker, Has Been Married Before—Couple Will Return to This Country Some Time Next Month.**

New York.—Live abroad if you want to, but you must promise never to marry a foreigner.

That was the promise the mother of Miss Sybil Kane made her give, and Miss Kane gave it. She has married an American, Arthur T. Kemp, a young New York millionaire and society favorite. But in the track of young Mrs. Kemp's honeymoon tour in Europe is a long line of broken hearts—the hearts of earls, dukes, lords and barons.

And that was just what Mrs. Augustus Post, the mother—she has married again since the death of Mr. Kane—was thinking of when she exacted the promise.

"Have nothing to do with any of these foreign noblemen," was her last behest to her daughter as she left for Europe six years ago. "Meet them if you want to, and study them if you feel so disposed, but don't fall in love, I beg of you. Marry an American, as your mother did, and be happy!"

Miss Kane is well-to-do in her own right and Mr. Post, her step-father, is a man of means and a broker on 'Change. But beautiful as she is, New York society has never known Miss Kane, although the "400" knows young Mr. Kemp well. He inherited \$3,000,000 from his father, who was a member of the big firm of chemists, Lanman & Kemp.

Coming Home in June. The young pair intend to return in June. You may be sure that Newport and New York are anxious indeed to see the bride who now takes her place in the innermost circle, just as the first Mrs. Kemp did—she was divorced from Mr. Kemp four years ago and is now Mrs. Hollis H. Hunnewell. Mr.

traveled extensively. And from the first the foreigners were smitten and more than one heart was laid at her feet.

The Wooing of the Count. The most ardent of them followed Miss Kane and her chum, Miss Mildred Harrison, of Philadelphia, across this continent and all the way to Europe, but in vain. He was Count Carl Hohnstein, whose mother was lady-in-waiting to the wife of the prince regent of Bavaria.

Miss Kane met him in the west, where she was traveling with Miss Harrison, just before leaving for Paris. Count Hohnstein appeared at every city and always at the same hotel where Miss Kane was stopping. The count's mother was with him; the transcontinental chase of the nobleman after the American girls was chronicled in the newspapers at the time.

But when it was over Miss Kane was heart whole and fancy-free. She finally eluded the count and his mother at Colorado Springs. She hired a special car and before the count or his mother was aware of it the American girls and their chaperon were in New York.

The next steamer took them to Europe, where Miss Kane has been ever since. There she traveled everywhere—to the British isles, all over the continent, even to Egypt, up the Nile and into the Holy Land.

With her beauty and her wealth she found it easy to be presented at the courts of Europe. Her social success everywhere was most pronounced. Even it was whispered that the heir to one of the minor thrones had offered to give up his prospective kingship for the American girl's hand.

But Miss Kane remembered her promise to her mother.

None But an American. "I can marry only an American," she told them all, whether she liked them or not.

Then Arthur Kemp appeared on the scene.

He had gone to Paris three years ago to seek relaxation from all his domestic troubles. He told his friends he would never tempt matrimony again; that he intended to remain a bachelor for the rest of his days. All of his resolutions were changed in the twinkling of an eye.

At a reception at the American embassy in Paris Arthur Kemp met Miss Kane. He was smitten from

honorable school for girls in New Orleans.

Finally young Mr. Kemp forgot his resolution. He proposed and was accepted.

The marriage took place the other day between this young man who said he'd never marry again, and this girl, who had promised to marry none but an American. The man failed in his resolution—but do you blame him? The girl kept hers—and do you blame her?

Married in England.

The wedding was at the home of the bridegroom's cousin, Gilmore House, Hitchin, Hertfordshire, England. Mrs. Nelson, the bride's aunt, and a few relatives and intimate friends were present.

And as soon as the knot was tied the bride cabled to her mother, Mrs.

performed by Mr. Hunnewell's friend, Judge William W. Douglas of the supreme court of Rhode Island. No Roman Catholic priest, such as the Nelsons would have had it, is allowed to officiate at the marriage of a divorced person.

Mr. Hunnewell took his bride off for a honeymoon trip to China and Japan, while young Mr. Kemp went in the opposite direction—to Europe.

Among the few guests were Mrs. Nelson, the mother of the bride, and her other daughter, young Mrs. Vanderbilt; Jules Nelson and their uncle, Frederick Gebhard. Among the friends were Mrs. Sallie Duncan Elliott and Mrs. Victor Sorchan, who had been Miss Hunnewell.

And some of them harked back to that other wedding years before—so different, with the great cathedral packed and the Nelson house filled



Post, who lives at the Holland house, in New York:

"My promise fulfilled. I have married an American. Sybil."

And Mrs. Post answered: "A mother's blessing."

Mr. Kemp and his young wife will reach New York within a few weeks. At present they are touring southern France in an automobile. Mr. Kemp's friends are legion here and so the fashionables are eager to see his new bride. She has always cared little for society, preferring music, literary and charitable work to dinners, dances and the opera.

The Kemp divorce three years ago was a sensation. With such connections as the Reginald Vanderbilts and others of equal prominence the affair kept society busy talking for days and days.

Mrs. Kemp before her marriage was the beautiful "Baby Belle" Nelson. Arthur T. Kemp was graduated from Yale in 1894, and at once took the place here in society and clubdom to which his position and wealth entitled him.

Arthur Kemp's First Love.

He was elected to the Knickerbocker and the Union clubs, the two smartest in town, as well as to other clubs of almost as much importance. In due season he met Miss Nelson and in 1897 he married her. The ceremony took place at St. Patrick's cathedral, for all the Nelsons are Roman Catholics, and one of the smartest congregations of the season filled the pews. The late Archbishop Corrigan officiated at the service.

A few days later the young bridal couple were called to the bedside of the bridegroom's dying mother. She expired soon afterward.

The two were apparently perfectly happy until 1902, spending their winters in New York and their summers in Newport. Then there was gossip that the two had become estranged; this proved to be true when Mrs. Kemp left her husband's home and went back to her mother's, No. 100 Fifth avenue. There she lay ill a long while with nervous prostration.

As soon as she was well Mrs. Kemp No. 1 determined to take matters in her own hands. She made up her mind to get a divorce in Rhode Island. As the law of that state requires a person to live there a year before attaining legal residence, Mrs. Kemp took a cottage and remained in Newport for the winter. Meanwhile there was all sorts of gossip. In due season Mrs. Kemp got her divorce. In the interval her sister, Kathleen Nelson, had become Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt.

Mrs. Kemp's Second Marriage.

Then Mrs. Kemp announced her second engagement, this time to Hollis H. Hunnewell of Boston; big, handsome and heir to millions. Only the relatives and a handful of friends assembled for the ceremony, which was

with flowers and music and the chit-chat of many guests. Some of the smartest men in society and the pick of clubdom served as groomsmen, and the prettiest girls in town were the bridesmaids.

And they remembered young Mr. Kemp's bachelor dinner, too. It was the smartest thing ever seen, so those who were present declared. The room was set to represent a barnyard and there were all sorts of high links, besides a special vintage of champagne, in which numerous toasts to the bride-to-be were tossed off.

But all that jollity is with the dead now—both sides would forget in a new love. Mrs. Kemp has another husband, and even Mrs. Hunnewell No. 1 has married again—the Maude Jaffray that was Mrs. Hunnewell is now the wife of J. S. Tooker. So of the three marriages and the six persons involved, only Miss Kane has not been married twice.

The Posts, parents of this latest bride, are very wealthy, but care little for society. Mr. Post is an enthusiastic aeronaut and has made several successful ascensions. He is secretary of the Aero club.

Young Mr. Kemp's grandfather was Maj. John S. Thacker, one of the pioneers in the organization of the New York national guard. His daughter is Mrs. Post. Mrs. Post is very much interested in charities and is a member of Father Ducey's church.

Her sister is Mrs. C. Downing Frupp, of Ottawa, Can. She also has a brother in the oil business at Beaumont, Tex.

And all this is society's newest romance—or romances, quite jumbled, but romances still.

Killing a Bear.

A boy named Hiram Frayson, living in the state of Washington, had a most curious adventure a few weeks ago. He was out hunting with a shotgun on his shoulder. Unknown to him a bear struck his trail and followed. The beast was within 20 feet of him, and getting ready to move up and attack, when the hammer of the gun caught on the limb of a tree and was drawn back and the weapon discharged.

The boy heard a roar and a growl behind him and looked around to find a big black bear kicking his last. The charge of shot had nearly blown his head off. He wasn't out bear-hunting that day, but he got one so big that it took four men to load him on a wagon to be drawn home.

Caterpillars in Swarms.

Travelers in the Wodonga and Barnawartha districts of Victoria, Australia, find it difficult to get their horses to face the caterpillars that swarm the country roads. They are denuding vegetation and it is feared the vineyards will be devastated. An excursion train was brought to a standstill because dense masses of the insects blocked the rails.

### ORPHA'S REGRET

A STORY OF THE PERIOD OF THE JUDGES IN ISRAEL

By the "Highway and Byway" Proseur

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Scripture authority:—Ruth 1:1-15, especially verses 14 and 15.

#### SERMONETTE.

A Choice That Determined a Destiny.—Orpha on the road that led to the land of Israel came face to face with the turning point of her life. The vision had come to her of a new home and a place among God's people and obedient to the aspirations for a better life and holier things, she started with her mother-in-law, Naomi, and sister-in-law, Ruth, for the Promised Land. Perhaps she and Ruth during the sad days of their widowhood had talked over together their plans. While their hearts were bleeding and tender there had come a yearning to know the God whom their husbands had known, and served, and with it had come the resolve that they would cleave unto the mother-in-law, Naomi, as the one who could guide their feet into the way and blessing of God.

So they had gone forth with Naomi and had come to the borderland of Israel. There Naomi paused and wisely tested the sincerity of purpose of the two young women. They must count the cost. It was no light thing to choose God and God's people as a future destiny. They must realize that it meant separation from the old life and hardships in the new. In substance, Naomi said to Ruth and Orpha what Jesus said to those who would become his disciples. "Which of you," he exclaimed, after he had declared that discipleship meant cross-bearing and fellowship in hardship and suffering, "intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it. Lest haply, after he hath laid the foundation, and he is not able to finish it, all that behold it begin to mock him, saying: This man began to build, and was not able to finish."

And Orpha bid her mother-in-law a tearful adieu and turned back. Turned back from the light of which she had caught a glimmering. Turned back from the higher purpose and destiny. Quenched the flickering flame of spiritual aspirations, and turned back to the old life and the old gods. Turned back to be swallowed up by the world and the things of the world. This is the last word we ever hear of Orpha. From that time forth she was counted out of God's reckoning. We can imagine what her life may have been after her return, and how when the tidings came of the blessing and prosperity which had come to Ruth in the, to her, strange, far-off land of Israel, there must have come the smartings of disappointment and regret that she had once been so near the blessing and had thoughtlessly and carelessly let the treasure slip from her. "For of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these: 'It might have been!'"

Orpha and Ruth stood side by side that day at the dividing line between the world and God. Orpha turned back, there ends the tale. Ruth went on, and today we are rejoicing in the Christ who was of the house and lineage of David, whose grandfather Obed was the son of Ruth and Boaz.

#### THE STORY.

BY DINT of coaxing and petting Orpha's friends had at last persuaded her to accompany them to the festivities in the village close at hand, where for weeks the preparations had been going on for the honoring of the gods of the Moabites, and she was busy getting ready for the start in the early morning. It seemed strange to them to have to coax Orpha to go, for in former years she had been one of the gayest at such celebrations, and they had expected, now that the influence of her mother-in-law, Naomi, was no longer present, that she would enter again heartily into the life and customs of her people.

On her return to her old home, after the departure of Ruth and Naomi her parents and friends had welcomed her right royally, secretly rejoicing that she was no longer to be dominated by the Israelitish woman who had come into their midst years before and who had firmly and steadfastly refused to share in their idolatrous feasts and practices, and the feelings of jealousy and resentment which were felt at the time of her marriage to the promising young Hebrew, Chilion, were forgotten in the realization that she was once more one of them.

But to Orpha something in the old life was lacking. She could not explain why. She did not understand, except that in the old home and with the old friends there was something lacking, and a sense of disappointment came to her. She tried to forget it, and enter into the activities of the

home circle and friends with the old-time pleasure and vivacity, but she could not forget the quiet, helpful, uplifting influence of Naomi. Unconsciously she was constantly drawing comparisons between the life she had known after becoming the wife of Chilion, and the life her people lived. When the time drew near for the festivities attending the worship of their gods she had felt the old thrill of expectant pleasure which she used to know as she had planned and prepared to share in the celebrations. But this feeling soon passed and left her with that sense of unrest and dissatisfaction, so that at last, much to the surprise of her friends, she decided that she would not go to the festivities. It was then that they besieged her with their pleadings until at last she consented to go.

"What is the matter with me anyway?" she exclaimed, irritatedly as she busied herself with the preparations. "Why shouldn't I go, and why shouldn't I have a good time? Why should I feel as I do?" But even while she impatiently argued with herself there kept recurring to her mind the memory of her mother-in-law's words, as repeatedly she had heard her say, when asked to attend the feasts: "No, I have left my own land, but I did not leave my God behind, and I could not go up to the services that would do honor to those which are no gods at all."

She had felt a glow of admiration for Naomi at that time for her brave words, and down deep in her heart she knew that the gods which her people worshipped were false gods and not like the God whom the Hebrews worshipped. But now that she had gone back to her people once more and was away from the strong, uplifting influence of that godly woman, she had felt the old desire to enjoy the old life as she had formerly done, but somehow she could not.

"But I will, I will, I will," she exclaimed, as she made her final preparations and started forth with the merry group of friends who had come to accompany her to the place of the celebration. As they moved on they chatted and laughed gayly, and it was not long ere the old spirit of gaiety had complete possession of her, and she forgot all about the struggle she had had and the questions which had kept her in so unhappy a state since her return to the old home.

Thus the day sped swiftly on. The festivities were at their height, and the great throngs of people awaited the coming of the solemn procession of the priests, who in the presence of all the people were to make their offerings to the gods and invoke their blessings upon the people, following which the damsels were to dance the sinuous, dreamy figures which were part of the religious ceremonies. Orpha, arrayed in her filmy, festal robes, had taken her place with the other dancers ready to play her part, when the time should come, as she had been wont to do in former years.

"Are you not glad that you are here and not in the land of Israel?" asked one of her companions standing next to her.

"Yes," answered Orpha enthusiastically, "and I wish Ruth were here to share in the festivities with us." "Foolish she was, indeed," was the reply of the other. "What can she find there but poverty and hardship? Have you had tidings from her since she went away?"

At the mention of the land of Israel, and the name of Ruth a stranger standing near had started and then listened eagerly to the conversation which followed, but so occupied were Orpha and her friends with their conversation that they did not note this. But suddenly they were aroused by an abrupt inquiry addressed to Orpha: "Did you know Ruth?" he asked.

"Bring you word from her?" Orpha asked, eagerly. "Is she well? How fares she?" and she continued to pour out a rapid fire of questions, piling up her inquiries concerning Ruth.

The stranger lifted up his hand in helpless protest to stem the flood of questions, saying, as he did so: "Listen, for I have just come from Bethlehem and bring tidings of wonderful things which have come to pass. Call her no longer poor, unfortunate Ruth, for she has become the wife of one of the principal men of the city."

"What's that you say?" cried Orpha, incredulously, believing that her ears had misunderstood.

And thus importuned the stranger went on to explain and to give further details of her sister-in-law's life since going to Bethlehem.

At this point the conversation was interrupted by the passing of the priests, mumbling their incantations, while the people shouted the names of their gods, crying:

"Great are the gods of the Moabites. Where are there gods like unto them, and who can bestow blessing such as they give to their faithful children?"

"Who, indeed?" thought Orpha, bitterly, as her thoughts sped back to that day when she had stood in the roadway with Ruth and Naomi and had finally turned back and left the two to go on alone. Her gala attire seemed as though mocking her in her distress. She thought of the abhorrence which Naomi had had of the feast days of the Moabites. What would she think of her now in the midst of that gaiety? She knew that the God whom Naomi had worshipped and about whom she had spoken to her two daughters-in-law, was the true God. She might have had him for her God, but she had turned back. Thus harassed by the workings of her conscience, she turned and fled from the place, crying out as she went: "It might have been, but now it is too late! Too late!"



Hunnewell was also divorced, his first wife having been Miss Maude Jaffray. If Mrs. Kemp No. 2 has never made her appearance in New York society, Mrs. Kemp No. 1 has. She is the sister of Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt and the daughter of Mrs. Frederic Nelson. Her uncle is Frederic Gebhard.

Miss Kane took Europe by storm. Soon she became known as "the beautiful Miss Kane." She made her home in Paris with her aunt, Mrs. A. M. Nelson, No. 3 Place d'Isena, but she

the very first; gossip soon linked their names together. While young Mr. Kemp had never known Miss Kane in his country, he found she came of a fine New Orleans family.

She was born there and when but a young girl went to Nazareth convent in Kentucky, under the tutelage of both French and Spanish sisters. She was already a linguist of distinction—this bright southern girl—and at the tender age of ten she carried off the medal for French against older girls than she at Mme. Pickard's fash-